SIR CHARLES DILKE.

POINTS IN HIS CAREER, NEW AND OLD.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

LONDON, January 17.

Political groups are not yet tired of discussing the history and meaning of Sir Charles Dilke's admission into the Cabinet, and of certain passages in the speeches which followed that event. As to the former, it may be said once for all that it would have been very difficult for any Minister to resist the pressure of the very militant wing of the ral party which recognizes Sir Charles as one of its two chiefs. Few men have a stronger force effect. Few men are on better terms with journalism, and I can think of no more striking example of the power of the pen when directed, as in Sir Charles Dilke's case, to the promotion of one man's political fortunes at a critical stage in his career. If ever a man was written into the Cabinet the president of the Local Government Board is that man. The writing, of course, could have been of no avail had not Sir Charles Dilke's services, popularity, abilities and very remarkable political knowledge been there to serve as a subject for the writing. But then, on the other hand, had all this light been hidden under a bushel, it never would have illuminated his path to the door of the

And now people say he has renounced his early he was not ashamed of having been a Republican, be answered: "No; no more than I am ashamed of having been a boy." Undoubtedly Sir Charles Dilke has meant it to be understood that he repented of repent of. He never made a declaration of Republican faith, still less took part in any movement for disturbing the monarchy. But he made himself more odious to royal personages than of he had preached a purely revolutionary doctrine. He attacked their revenues. That was the offence that remained so long unforgiven. After the Neweastle speech, and the motion in the House of Commons for an inquiry into the civil list of the Crown, the word went forth that Sir Charles Dilke was to be outlawed from society. Outlawed he was for many years. He was "dropped," and to be dropped is the most awiul penalty that can be visited on any offender. His exclusion from the fashionable world was complete. Nobody would have dreamed of asking him to a dinner or party at which the Prince of Wales or any of the Princes sat, or any of the royalties were present. The most violent things were said about him, and people predicted, with that confidence they were wont to display about the future. that he would never be heard of again in socie y.

A man of less courage and less confidence in his own star would have given himself up for los:. Not so Sir Charles Dilke. He never relinquished his ambition, nor any of his ambitions, nor the hard work on which he knew his future depended. He never accepted the sentence pronounced on him. Within five years he made the political world understand that he had still to be reckoned with. Refore ten had passed he had regained his foothold in society and was one of the most popular men in London drawing-rooms. The Prince of Wales met him and soon liked him. If a few doors remained obstinately closed to him, they only served as the proverbial exception to prove how general was the rule. With his careful manners and clever conversation, Sir Charles Dilke needed only to have the chance given him to become a favorite. He early learned the diplomatic secret of political success. He had on his side and among his most steadfast followers some of the most brilliant and beautiful women in London. It is impossible to overestimate the service they rendered him. Social forces are as much political forces as ever, and I don't know that even the Chamberlain alliance was more helpful to Sur Charles Dilke than the friendship of certain ladies, in very various positions and belonging to higher and lower social circles, whose enthusiastic and persistent championship he had enlisted in his be-

It is this twofold or threefold character of Sir Charles Dilke's success which is so remarkable, and which of itself stamps him as a man apart from the common. Committed as he was to Radicalism, he might naturally bave thought that his future must be identified with it-that he had made his bed and must lie in it. He might, for example, have done as Mr Bradlaugh (a man far inferior to him in ability) has done. He resolved, on the contrary, to be something very different from a mere demagogue. He taid a firm foundation for his political fortunes in the borough of Chelsea. To have lost that seat might have destroyed him-would certainly have put back the clock for him some years. Anybody with less gift for organiza ion and management, and with less force of exciting attachment, would certainly have lost it in 1874. He cultivated the radical electors of Chelsea not less assiduously and not less successfully than the mistresses of salons and of great houses. His power of work was prodigious; his capacity for details amounted to genius; and he never for one moment swerved from the aims he proposed to himself. He saw that there was for him not one but many roads to success. Having conquered his constituency, he set himself to conciliate the House of Commons, where, in 1870, he was almost as keenly disliked as in society. He succeeded, not at once; but succeeded. He has been for some years one of the most popular men in a body which at first took no pains to conceal its aversion to him. He has studied the House as he has studied everything else, till he knows its temper. its moods, its tastes, its weak and its strong points. He caught the ear of that difficult audience long be fore he recovered its good will. The art of making a good House of Commons speech remains to most of its members a mystery to the end of their Parliamentary days. Sir Charles Dilke has it, and has it in much higher degree than the art of making a good platform speech; which is a very different

Again fortune favored him in his appointment to the Under Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs, and again he knew how to avail himself to the utmost of her favor. Probably there has never been a subordinate in the Foreign Office whose influence and authority were so nearly on a level with those of his chief. His period of office fell at a time when affairs were critical. He has had to speak on grave topics and has spoken well. He has had to answer day by day a fire of questions which were almost always hostile, and he showed bimself a master of the very difficult accomplishment of withholding information without irritating an eager and curious

With the country, meantime, he has kept his footing as an advanced Liberal. I should be disposed to say of Sir Charles Dilke's Radicalism what I said of his Republicanism. It was never of a very dangerous sort. He is in favor of certain reforms which he bas advocated pretty consistently, but they stop very far short of reconstructing even the political system of England. Of Socialism he has no taint. Here again his curious connection with Mr. Chamberlain has been of service to him, Everybody who cares anything about politics has pictured to himself Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Chamberlain as inseparables, and so, for all purposes of party machinery or personal advancement, they have been. But Sir Charles Dilke's name has been identified for three years with the conduct of foreig affairs, Mr. Chamberlain's with domestic policy, and the whole brunt of Conservative hatred has been borne by the latter. His comrade has been known as an advocate of electoral reforms, but he has neither invented the caucus nor borne the Birmingham brand on his forehead, nor coquetted with Home Rule, nor intrigued against that Irish policy misnamed Coercion while a member of the Ministry which adopted and enforced it. The Radicals who follow Mr. Chamberlain are con-

note of mild protest, and the evening paper which forms its views of practical politics upon Mr. Chamberlain, expressed itself in a critical spirit, Mr. Labouchère, with his usual bluntness, observed that the electors of Chelsea had chosen Sir Charles Dilke as a Radical, and that, if he had ceased to be one, he ought to have given them fair notice when offering himself for re-election, and not at the last moment, when it was no longer possible to start a rival. Some of the provincial journals wrote in a similar strain. There was some ground for these complaints. The new Cabinet Minister had certainly derided his youthful declarations as scatterbrained, which is a strong epithet to apply to one's own opinions. He had, moreover, avowed his conbehind them, none know how to use it with greater viction that while he sat below the gangway he had been too ready to oppose and attack his leaders. Finally, he had propounded in very curious terms the new doctrine of political permeation, according to which the true aim of the Radical wing is, and ought to have been, to influence the front bench by argument and persuasiveness, to make converts of the Whigs rather than victims, and, in short, to permeate the Liberal loaf with the leaven of Radicalism. The word permeate being an odd one hit the public mind it was thought to denote in its inventor.

fancy, and fastened attention on the change of Now Sir Charles Dilke is a shrewd judge of public feeling and pre-eminent for caution in his political conduct. He must have foreseen the effect of such statements. He would not wantonly have radicalism. Well, when Southey was asked whether raised a storm, or detached from his side any of his old supporters. If, as I think probable, he overrated the extent and strength of Republican sentiment in England when he appealed to it fifteen years ago at Newcastle, he is his Republicanism. I don't think he had much to far from undervaluing now the power which has since grown up under the name of advanced Liberalism. If he used words sure to offend this powerful and heretofore friendly section of his own party, he must have done it under the stress of very urgent conviction, or in obedience to the dictation of a will stronger than his own. There is nothing in the state of public feeling to call for it. The only conclusion is that the circumstances under which he was offered and accepted a post in the Cabinet were such as made this declaration a nece sity. If it were made a condition of Cabinet rank that he should to a certain extent put off the old Sir Charles Dilke and continue his career unhampered by awkward recollections, the Chelsea utterances are intelligible, and they are hardly intelligible on any other theory.

That they will permanently loosen his hold on the Radicals I don't believe. That they signify a breakup of the firm of Dilke and Chamber ain I believe still less. The business of that partnership has been too profitable to be lightly relinquished. Charles Dilke has plenty of work before him in his own department, and in legislation on matters connected with it, in which he may reassure the triends who, for the moment, are suspicious or querulous, He and they are really at one on the questions which stand readtest for solution. Be that as it may, he has won the distinction he coveted at an ago when most men who rise to eminence in England are content with subaltern rank. He has a host of friends and few enemies. has given abundant proof of capacity, of patience, of suppleness, of business qualities. His reputation is European as well as English and he is the foreordained Foreign Minister of some future Government. His political opponents respect him : he has won the confidence of many men who give confidence but slowly. Above all, he has convinced Mr. Gladstone that he is a necessary Cabinet Minister, and he is freely named as a successor of Mr. Gladstone at a day which everybody hopes may be distant.

FROM BISHOP WILBERFORCE'S DIARY.

Norman Macleod's story of a rather gluttonous Presbyterian minister who was used to look at the dinner before saving grace; and if it was a good one began, "Bountial Jehovah," etc. If it loosed bad, "We are not, O Lord, worthy of the least of the meries." Thy mercies.

A BISHOP'S BAD PORTRY. I have been at Sandringham paying a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a very pleasant visit it has been. They are so thoroughly kind and friendly, and leave you so very much to do as you like. She is quite charming. She sent her book to me last night, asking me to write something, and here was my inscription:

With love thy life to bless, Along thy path of happiness Onward to glory press.

THE UNSCRUPULOUS DISRAELL than the votes of the moment; he showed an ignorance about all Church matters, men, opinions, that was astonishing, making propositions one way and the other riding the Protestam horse to gain the boroughs, and then, when he thought he had gone so far as to endanger the counties, turning round and appointing Wright and Gregory; thoroughly unprincipled fellow. I trust we may never have

Dined Warden's. Sir Bartle Frere very pleasant told me: "The crows often get thoroughly tipsy drinking the fermented palm-juice. Few more carrious sights than to see a tipsy crow hunting for the bone he has hidden, and not able to find it for his drink."

AN OPINION OF TENNYSON. Mr. — told me the stranger speaking to one near, of Tennyson: "Mr. Tennyson lives here, does not he?" "Yes, he does." "He is a great man!" "Well, I don't well know what you call great, but he only keeps one mar-servant and he doesn't sleep in the house!"

SAN FRANCISCO IN EARLY DAYS.

From The Overland Monthly.

I pon the corner of Kearny and Washington, adjoining the Parker House, was the "big El Dorado tent," the great gambling establishment of Chambers, McCabe, Johnson and Gray, upon whose tables were "banks" which showed a total of a quarter of a mi'lion dollars every day, piled in "stacks" of Spanish cunces, or doubloons, and California, English and French gold coin, of Mexican dollars and five-franc pieces—which passed current as dollars—with sacks of grid-dust and piles of such "chicken-feed" as quarters and dimes the smallest coins in circulation—and all most tempting to the gaze of the dense crowd, night and day, as the games went on. The busy scenes at the long bar clear along the whole depth of the capacions tent were still more enlivened by the strains of the stirring and excellent music discoursed from five instruments by accomplished French players.

Among these was a petite and beautiful Frenchwoman, who played with ravishing skill upon a genume Stradivarius that she and her husband had brought from Faris as a treasure too precious to leave behind; and a treasure, indeed, it proved, for

woman, who played with ravishing skill upon a genuine Stradivarius that she and her husband had brought from Paris as a treasure too precious to leave behind; and a treasure, indeed, it broved, for her pay was two ounces a day in the "big El Dorado zent" band. Every day, between 2 and 3 o'clock, that beautiful woman crossed the Plaza to her abode on Washington-st., near where Latayette-place is, and her going and returning, even when the rainy season made the way an expanse of muck ankle-deep, was the increasing occasion for large crowds who watched and admired her—because she was a woman in a land almost without women—to gather on either side and gaze upon her as she bravely stepped or daintily tripped the whole way through that startling passage, the cynosure of all, the idol of every one. And never was her dignity of womanhood oflended; it would have cost the wretch his life at the hands of that chivalrous crowd, coarsely dressed and wild in appearance as they were. One day, in the height of the rainy season, when the mud was deepest, a misstep caused when the coverous mire, and the stocking of feet, was shown for an instant. In another inthe treacherous and covetons mire, and the stock-inged foot was shown for an instant. In another in-stant a braway miner had groped for the boot and recovered it, kissed it and returned it to her; and Charles Dilke remained unbroken. The less extreme Liberals, and the rest of the country, are equally content to concentrate their dislike upon Mr. Chamberlain.

When, however, the recent remarks in Chelsea fell upon Radical ears, the surprise was considerable, and it became presently clear that some resentment was roused by what some of Sir Charles Dilke's old friends are disposed to regard as a recantation of his early Radicalism. Even The Daily News raised a FRENCH PRETENDERS.

PLON-PLON'S ARREST - SCHEMES OF THE ORLEANISTS AND LEGITIMISTS.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. PARIS, January 19.
Prince Napoleon's arrest has caused Paris to forget Prince Krapotkine and his fellow-anarchists. And it is also a cause of terrible embarrassment to the Government. In sending him to prison, Ministers did not foresee the consequences of their act of 'energy." Plon-Plon is a general without either a staffor army. He has a few followers, most of whom are associated in the mind of the country with the plebiscitum of 1870 and the declaration of war. Among them the names of Emile Ollivier, Adelbert Phillis and Count Benedetti occur to me. The would-be Casar is not only rude but gruff in his manner. He is and always has been stingy, and was so long as his health allowed him a debauché at a cheap rate. The sirens to whom he notoriously attached himself were Anna Deslins and two pretty English "horse-breakers," "Skitties" and Cora Pearl. In the early years of the empire-before his marriage-he revolved around the celebrated Rachel and Mme. Arnould Piesay. Since the collapse of the empire his Dulcinea has been the Marquise de Canisy. The town was scandalized a at the revelations made by a first-class baby-farmer about two infants which were confided to her by Prince Napoleon and then kidnapped by the Marquise. I should hasten to add that the baby-farmer in question was not an angel-maker, and that she was promised a fee of 15,000 francs of which 10,000 trancs were paid her. Prince Napoleon is also accused of poltroonery. But it is not true that his breast never faced the steel of a foe. He one fought a duel and he was engaged in the battle of the Alma, Marshal Canrobert says that he would have led a charge as well as any other General and that he would have gone creditably through the Crimean campaign had not his half-brother, Mr. Patterson Bonaparte, in 1855 come to Europe to intrigue against hom.

THE REALLY DANGEROUS PRETENDERS. Why then, it may be asked, should his acrest so greatly embarrass the Government? Simply because it will oblige them to proceed as well against the Orleans Princes, who are a danger to the Republic. They are very wealthy and were rich before the Assembly of Versailles gave back to them the 49,000,000 francs to which they were not morally or legally entitled. The descendants of Louis hiti; pe are also clasnish and very numerous. They hold together like a bundle of sticks. There is no herosm or striking virtue of any kind in their lives. But they have many bourgeois qualities, are good husbands and wives, and are wrapped up in the mterests of their children.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. The Due d'Aumale has been the least cor-rect in his private life of his father's sons. He was on lutimate terms, for some years after he came back to France, with Miles. Croizette and Leonide Leblanc, I saw him on the day of the Due de Guise's death ringing at the last named actress's door in the Bou evard Haussmann. Now the Duc de Guise was the last of seven chi dren who had preceded him to the throne. He was carried away at a French Lyceum by scarlatina. I had seen his funeral in the morning. In the evening I was paying a visit to Mr. Luke Callaghan, the banker. His partner, Mr. Langdale, accompanied me home when I had taken my leave. As we passed the actress's house a gentleman was walking up the steps. His lame gait betrayed him to Mr. Langdale, who called my attention to him. I looked and saw that I was in the presence of the Due d'Aumale, who was just then a prominent champion of moral order. When he had gone into Leonide's flat, the banker threw up his hands and exclaimed, " Poor France!" He then said: "He comes to see her this afternoon just as he has done for nearly every evening for the last three or four months. Because he rides here in a fly which he dismisses a few doors off, he imagines that nobody is aware of his goings on. The man is utterly heartless." Of course the visits to Leonide Leblane, and the diamonds layished on Mile. Croizette, do not render the Duc d'Aumale, a form dable pretender. The danger lies elsewhere. He has a serious military following. Ever since the 24th of May, he has discharged some important function in the army. Chanzy almost toadied to him, and at the autumn manouvers at Chalons last year treated bim as if he were Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, He gave him precedence over all the generals in activservice who appeared on the ground with him.

THE DUC D'ALINGON. The Duc d'Alençon is in a cavalry regiment. His wife, a sister of the Empress of Austria, is handsome, dashing, admired by her husband's brother and a good hater of the Republic. She has never set foot in the Elysée since the MacMahons left it. The Due de Chartres is a colonel in another cavalry regiment, and, because he is the grandson of a king and the brother of a Pretender, Number One on the list of candidates for a general's epaulettes. His wife -a daughter of the Prince de Joinville and granddaughter of the late Emperor of Brazil-is a famous huntress. He and she are very active in trying to gain for the Orleanist cause the sympathy of military men. They are now in the neighborhood of Rouen, where they are indefatigable in getting up paper hunts, garrison theatricals, and other entertainments, at which they and some of their near relations are the central figures. THE COMTE DE PARIS.

The Count de Paris is the least intriguing of the Princes whom I have named. He is the colone! of a militia regiment, food of the country and of study, and would be satisfied with his present lot if he had not a restless, ambitious, and reactionary party behind him. They regard him as their property, and are always spurring him forward. His father-in-law is the Duc de Montpensier. The Countess de Paris is more ambitious than her husband. She is more than a doubte-distilled Bourbon, and as her son grows up reproaches her husband with being too supine. When her children were in the nursery she was extremely bourgeoise in her tastes and as pirations. One of her children-the Princess Amelia is now grown up, and for her sake and the sake of the Duc d'Orieans, who is in his thirteenth year, the fond mother wishes ardently to be either Queen of France or Queen of the French. The Rothschilds encourage her to aspire to the throne. To celebrate the début of the Princess Americ in society Baron Alphonse gave three or four weeks ago a magnific ent fête at his chateau in the Department of the Seine et Marne. The Reyal guests were treated as if Louis Philippe Il was a de facto monarch. Tais social event impressed M. Grévy disagreeably. Attention was called to it both by the Reactionary and the Republican newspapers. Other circumstances occurred which showed that the Orleanists were very busy, and that they and the Legitimists were on better terms than formerly. They had forgotten their differences in the offices of the Union Générale, which was inflated by Henri Quinquists and Louis Philippists. A rising was meditated in the west. It was to follow on the promulgation of a manifesto by the Comte de Chambord. It was to take the wind out of the sails of this Pretender that Prince Napoleon came forward as the author of a proclamation.

ORLEANIST STRENGTH. The feeling is that Prince Napoleon is harmless because impotent, but that d'Orleans are strong enough to be mischievous and are preparing to strike a blow. What embarasses the Government is the strength of the Orleanist faction in the Senate, in what is known in Paris as la haute Banque, and in the army where they have gained a large number of partisans among the generals and officers. Now it will be impossible to make an example of Prince Napoleon only. This manifesto shows coup d'état desires, but it is not illegal. But in striking him, how strike the sons, two grandsons of Louis Philippe The Rothschilds, if they are seriously menaced, will protect them by cornering rentes. M. Léon Say and his friends will intrigue for them in the Senate.

which contains a large number of Orleanists, and would certainly throw out a bill for the expulsion of all Pretenders from the French Territory. To release Plon-Plon and allow him to recommence is out of the question, and to betray weakness in a bill that only menaced would encourage the Royalists to be seditious.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE EXILE COMING HOME AT LAST. FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

TUNIS, January 6. To-day the remains of the author of "Home Sweet Home " left the shores of Tunis on board a French steamer, to be carried to Marseilles, whence they are to be forwarded to America. Yesterday, at 10 o'clock a. m., I went to the not unattractive and decidedly neat-Protestant Cemetery of St. George, situated on high, wall-surrounded ground within the city. I was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of this God's Acre, as 1 had read in American newspapers that Payne's grave was a neglected one, in a neglected burial ground. On the contrary, the grounds were planted with flourishing and fragrant rose-bushes, splendid clumps of heliotropes, and hedges of brilliant carnation pinks and geraniums, while the walks were clean and smooth, and the stones and monuments sno wy white in the morning sun. I should think the inclosure contained about an acre, and almost in the centre of it was the grave of Payne. At the head of the grave was standing a large and beautiful pepper tree, branches of which bent tenderly and droupingly over the tomb. This the finest and noblest tree in the place, was planted by one of Payne's truest and best triends in Tunis-M. Chappellie-who was present at the death and interment of the poet. From M. Chappelie and a so Mr. Reade, the British Consul, under whose d rections the disinterment took place, I learned much of Payne's last days and sickness. The narrative of them is a painful one. Let it suffice if I write what I heard touchingly and heartily said by the two or three gentlemen present at the exhumation who had familiarly known Payne, that his character through di-appointments, fancte i loneliness and long broodone had become of a sad, soft and delicate melan choly that was, while gentle and at the same time most winning and beautiful. His illness was a long and painful one, but he had most faith(u) and loving friends in M. Chappellie, M. Pisani, Mr. 1 cade, Mme. Chappellié (an American born lady with an American heart), and a certain -now old-Arab dragoman whose a tachment to the poet was deep and sincere. I saw this honest man at the exhumation, wearing his Arab cos ume, believing in the Mahometan religion, but full o Christike himanity. The Europeans present at the grave on this subny Friday norming were about a dozen in numb r, several Arab gentiemen being also on the ground in their rich and picturesque dress

and turbans.

The collin was reached by the workmen at about 12 o'clock, and was carefully lifted and placed on the boad marble slab which for thirty years had covered it, and which bears the following inscription.

"E FLURIBUS UNUM. (Shield and eagle).

"In memory of Col. John Howard Payne, twice count of the United S ares of America for the city and ingtom of Turd, this stone is here placed by a grateful country. He died at the American Consultate in this city iter a tedious libras. April 1st,1852. He was born at the

On the four edges of this slab is also carved: "Sure, when thy cantle spirit fled To realms beyond the azure dome, Wit arms outstratched, food's angel said, 'Welcome to Heaven's Home, Sweet Hor

The coffin was hadly rotted in spite of the cartainen by United States Consul Fish, who several mouths ago incased it in cement for its better preservation. A little, thread-like root of the proper ervation. A little, thread-its route and coffin-tree had made is way into the grave and coffin-and was just about to pass across the forehead and was just about to pass across the forehead and was just about to pass across the foreign and managed with the bones. The whole skel-ton was obtained and laid reverently in a new codin, which was covered with lead, oblered and scaled. This was then placed in a neat, native, hard-wood coffin, which was seened by locks and keys, all then leing put in the strong, iron-bound outside box, which bore the address: "To U. S. Consul Taylor, Marshiller, France,"

seilles, France."

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the body was taken to the small and simple Protestant church and placed near the oretty little chancel window, on which are inscribed these words:

object of their loving and ceaseless care. When it holy was carried into the church an English get tleman at the little American-made organ playe the air and a sweet-voiced American lady sang to minorial song of the dead poet; and as the tend words trem lously floated through and filled tholy place, hearts swelled, ever were suffuled, at the low of the control of har of from the skies seemed to hallow us th "A char of from the skies seemed to hands as there. Tongue cannot tell nor pen describe the effect of that song sung under the circumstances I have stated. The grouning of the coming evening had crept into he chapel and the "aim religious light" that Payne's noetic temperament could have understood and absoroed, bathed all, both living and dead, in its mellow radiance. The twilight came on dead, to is mel'ow radiance. The twilight came on apace and we is fit the poor remains to he there unti-ne merrow, guarded by the faithful dragoman who in lies, as in death, was stanch and faithful to

the last.

To-day the body was taken to the Marina and put aboard a boat and rowed down the bay and out into the open, where it was received on the French steamer, which soon after was en route to Marseilles. Thus John Howard Payne left I ams to be re-burier in the land he loved, to sleep henceforth under the flag he served so well, not again, it is to be hoped, to be disturbed, but to be dreamless and tranquillin the soil of his own Home, Sweet Home. Visiting the cemetery to-day, i found the marble slab replaced over the now empty temb, the debris removed, and all about the grave looking as neat as possible. Mr. Read—whose admirable management of the exhimation and compliance with every wish and in struction of the United States Government in the matter cannot be too highly commended—said to struction of the United States Government in the matter cannot be too highly commended—said to me: "We shall put back the slab with its inscrip-tion, adding thereto the fact and date of the re-moval of the body to the United States, and shall then religiously preserve and keep pure and clear the marble that we marked his grave with more than a quarter of a century ago; but deeper, clearer than conved epitanh, we shall cherish the memory of poor Payne in our heart of hearts."

COMING HOME AT LAST.

From Harper's Weekly. The banishment was overlong, But it will soon be past; The man who wrot: flome's sweetest song is coming home at last! For years his poor abode was seen For years his poor about was In foreign lands alone,
And waves have thundered loud between
This singer and his own.
But he will soon be journeying
To freeds a ross the sea;
And grander than of any sing And grander than of any kin lits welcome here shall bel

Ho wandered o'er the dreary earth,
Forgotten and alone;
He who could teach Home's matchless worth
Ne'er had one of his own. Neer had one of his own.

Neath winter's cloud and summer's sun,
Along the hitly road,
He bore his great heart, and had none
To help him with the load;
And whereseever in his round
He want with warre tread lie went with weary tread His sweet pathetic song he found Had floated on ahead!

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He heard the melodies it made He heard the melodies it made
Come peating o'er and o'er,
From royal music bands that played
Before the palace door;
He heard its gentle tones of love
From mary a cottage creep,
When tender crooning mothers strove
To sing their babes to sleep;
And wheresoe'er true love had birth
This thrilling soug had flown;
But he who taught itome's matchless worth
Had no home of his own! Had no home of his own!

The banishment was overlong. But it will soon be past; The man who wrote Home's sweetest song Shall have a home at last! And he shall rest where jaurels wave And fragrant grasses twme; His sweetly kept and honored grave Shall be a sacred shrine. Shall be a sacred shrue.

And pulgrims with glad eyes grown dim
Will fondly bend abovo
The man who sung the triumph hymn
Of earth's divinest love.

WILL CARLETON. THE RIVIERA.

I. SCENES AND REMINISCENCES AT CANNES.

CANNES, Jan. 22.
This favorite and aristocratic English resort on the Riviera, to which Mr. Gladstone has come for a few weeks' rest, had no existence as a winter residence till some fifty years ago. Previous to that period, it was a small village of poor miners, clustered in the slope and about the foot of the hill ou which in medizeval times stood the castle, and after ward the parish church.. The inhabitants were chiefly fishermen and seafaring folks, with some few distillers of essences and makers of olive oil, who exported their wares to Marseilles and the Italian markets in small coasting vessels. When Brougham went out of office as Lord Chancellor in the autumn of 1834, and left England in search of a mild climate for his beloved daughter and only child, Eleonora-Louise, he was stopped on his way from Bordeaux to Genoa, at the river Var, then the frontier of the Kingdom of Sardinia, and not permitted to proceed further, a precaution taken be cause of the cholera, which was then raging. The time necessary for him to wait till permission could be obtained from the authorities was spent here, and so pleased was the ex-Chancellor with the climate of Cannes that he decided to buy land and build a bouse. This determination he carried at once into effect. Forty-eight years ago this very month, Brougham bought a dozen acres of land, and the building of the house was begun in the ensuing autumn. He and his daughter spent the winters of 1836, 1837 and 1838 at Cannes, and the succeeding year, when the Château Eleonora-Louise was completed, took up their residence in it, and there she soon after died. She was, perhaps, the only one being that Brougham really loved, and he never ceased to mourn her loss-filia unica et dilectissima. Her death is recorded on the walls of the châtean by her bereaved father, by the late Earl of Carusle, and in the pathetic lines of Lord Weile-lev, so well known to all lovers of elegant Latinity. They are also to be seen on a memorial tablet in the wall of Lincolu's Inn Chapel, London.

Lord Brongham's love for Cannes never changed. He spent every winter of the remainder of his life here, and is was here, in the mouth of May, 1868, at the age of ninety, that he died, in a room used by bim as his library and study. His monument in the cemetery of Cannes is a most imposing and subtantial one, being a massive granite cross weighing nany tons, and with no other inscription than his name, with the date of birth and death. In the principal square the people of Cannes recently erected, with imposing ceremonies, a handsome full-length may ble statue of Brougham, the Coumbus of Cannes, which, however, candor compels me to admit is more like a Frenchman than the rugged Scot that I remember to have seen in London and elsewhere. Lord Brougham was very popular with the people here, and was always pleasant and gracious in his intercourse with all classes, even the most humble. Two of his old French servants, who showed me the room in which he died, as well as other apartments of the chât-au, said to me that he was a most kind and considerate master. The mansion is a large and spacious one, still containing many of his books and pictures, among which I observed a pertrait of his daughter and one of himself and his young nephew, a son of the present Lord Brougham, who usually, with his family, occupies the place. A fine large picture was also pointed out, containing portraits of the late Archbishop of Canterbury and his family, who occupied the chateau in the winter of 1870-'71. They are represented seated in the garden, among the orange and palm trees, which grow here with Oriental luxuriance. In the English church at Cannes which Gladstone attended yesterday I observed a memorial tablet to his old adversary, on which is inscribed :

The Right Honorable Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, died at his restrence here May 7, 1868, aged 89 years. This tablet, placed near the seat he was wont to occupy, commemorates his laying the toundation some of these Transepts in 1865, and records his regular attendance at the services of this church from its crection in 1856. The following verse is taken from his favorite hymn:

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life,
No son of human race
But such as I conduct and guide
Can see my Father's face.
John 14, 6.

"To the Memory of
John Howard Payne.

Anthor of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

This window was made in England and placed here by a few English-speaking residents of Turns, whose admiration and respect for Payne were decided and sincere. Indeed, I found among the poet's triends a affectionate regard that was aking to enturase. They grieved to less the sacred bones that had lain here for thirty long years—the object of their loying and reasiless care. When the nor the Pawnees, said that in an interview Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, remarked to him, allading to the publication of "The Prairie Bird," You have had the advantage of me, for I never was among the Indians. All that I know of them is from reading, and from hearing my father speak of them. He sa v a great deal of the red men when he first went to the western part of the State [New-York |, about the close of the past century."

Sir Charles Murray's opposite neighbor, the Sar dinian Duke of Vallambrosa, whose son married a New-York lady, has much the finest garden in Cannes, and a residence known as the Château des Tours, a buge, ugly pile of stone which is a kind of miniature Windsor Castle. In his superb garden may now be seen heliotrope and hundreds of roses; lemon, orange and date palms, heavily taden with golden fruit; the acacia dea bata or mimosa, the acacia farnesiana (the cassia mentioned with myrrh and aloes in the Bible), the banana, the black and yellow bamboo, and the gorgeous Bougainvilles, at present a mass of magnificent flowers, as fine as I met with last month at Gibraltar or Algiers; the camellia in great luxuriance and variety; the Tacsonia igmu, red passion flower; the Abutilou striatum grandiflerum, and many other shrubs and flowers not to be found in the Northern or Middle States, except in hothouses or under cover; for, as Kingsley puts it, Cannes is a place where "winter has slipped out of the list of seasons." The distant mountain crests are at present covered with dazzling snow that seems to set off the summer brightness of the foreground. To live among roses and orange blossoms and geraniums in the most delicious of atmospheres, June flowers with May weather, is perhaps as good a description as can be g ven of the place to which England's great Minister has come to enjoy a few weeks' rest. The château in which he is living is one of the finest in Cannes. It was built for a gentleman named Scott, who died before it was completed. The views from the verandas are very lovely, including both bays, the Golfe Quan and the Golfe de la Napoule, and the garden extension, containing fountains and a tropical tuxuriance of shrubs and flowers. The construction of the house, it may be remarked, is such that there are terraces sheltered from the two prevailing winds, the southeast and the northwest. it is not an every-day occurrence to fall in with a

well-preserved man of the world, who is so near a century old that he wore a beard long before Gladstone was born. He was living when Washington was first elected President of the United States, and perfectly remembers the announcement of his death.

He was well acquainted with the second, third, fourth and fifth Chief Magistrates of our country, and clearly recalls the gloom which settled over London when the news arrived of the capture of the Guerriero by the United States frigate Constitution, and the firing during the following year of the Tower guns, when Broke's dispatch was received in England announcing the Shannon's victory over the always unlucky Chesapeake. He knew all the signers of the Treaty of Ghent, and heard the guns of Waterloo. His Excellency Count P-, the venerable man of whom I write, accompanied an elder brother to Washington early in the year 1810, remaining in the United States nearly three years, and mingling in the best society of the Capital, as well as that of Baitimore, Philadelphia, New-York and Boston. In 1811 he was invited, with his brother the Russian Minister, to Monticello, where they spent several days with Thomas Jefferson, and the same year they visited John Adams at Quincy. He has vivid recollections of dinner parties at President Madison's, of the magnificent distances and shabby straggling houses of Washington, and of the "beautiful girls of Baltimore." "Are they still as lovely as they were seventy | single worm.

years ago?" asked the lively old bachelor ninety-five!

The few thousand inhabitants of Cannes when Lord Brougham discovered it have increased to fifteen thousand, the stationary population rumbering nine thousand and the migratory from six to seven. Of this number perhaps one-half find their winter homes at the numerous hotels and pensions, the others in cottages and chateaux, a considerable number of which are rented furnished for the season, which extends from October to May. The prices vary from two to twenty thousand francs, and do not differ very materially from Newport prices. The m jority of cottagers are from Great Britain, and include the Duke of Argyll and Great Britain, and include the Duke of Argyll and many other prominent people, who prefer the wincer climate of Connes to that of their own country. There are also Russians, Italians, Swiss, Spaniards, Dutch, Danish, French, Germans and Americans among the regular winter residents, Two of the finest villas here are owned and occupied by American ladies. There are three English churches subject to the Episcopal authority of Dr. Sandford, Bishop of Gib altar; a Scotch Presbyterian church, two French Protestant, a German Lutheran and several Catholic churches and chapels. It may be remarked en passant that Provence has been since the Reformation the principal stronghold of Protestantism in France.

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Since the advent of Lord Brougham in 1835, prasant proprietors have disposed of their lands at high prices and have become rentiers. Fishermen and sailors are now possessors of handsome pleasure-boats. Land is all freehold—leases are unknown. That which twenty or thirty years ago was agricultural land or sand hills worth five hundred dollats an area, is now building land, none of which can be bought for less than tive thousand dollars per acre. In some instances double that sum has been paid during the past year for eligible sites. The cost of building is about one-half what it is in New-York, and the expense of living is much less than in that city or at Newport. The opening of the rallroad in 1863 all the way from Paris facili ated reaching Cannes, and brought many tenants and purchasers of villas, and the growth of the place in public estimation as a most desirable winter residence—perhaps the most desirable of all places on the Rivera—has continued unchecked to the present time.

The "e-h-real mil ness" of the past two months has been accompanied by that gentleness which the English poet associated with it in reference to a more appropriate season than midwinter. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that William Morris's preity parase of "soft-eved September" would not be misappled to the month of December, 1882, and thus lar in January, 1883, at the comfortable city of Cannes. This letter is written at an open wind other tropical trees, and where orange blossoms are filling the air with fragrance, and roses and geraniums and heliotrope are in flower. Beyond is the blue M-deterrunean, so bright and calm, with a fow white-sailed ships and the Islands of St. Marguerite and St. Honore in the distance. On the former I saw, the other day, the prison of the Maa in the Iron Mask, lighted by a window with a most appalling apparatus of cross-bars, four rows originally, of which tarce still remain. JAMES GRANT WILSON.

THE KING IS DYING.

From The Home Journal,

Blow up the fire-his feet are cold; Now up the free-ris let are con;
Ay, though a king, he cannot buy
One briefes, moment with all his gold;
his hour has come, and he must die:
Withered and wrinkled, and old and gray,
The king fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers; he's almost gone;
Stir, you fool, 'tis past the hour
To smirk and cringe, and flatter and fawn—
The thing lying there is shorn of power;
Henceforth the has of the king are dumb: Bring up your ghostly viaticum

Absolve his soul; need enough, God wot! Mumble and springle and do your shriving; Yet, methinks, here and there shall be left a blost Hideously foul, for all your striving; Nor bordered quints, nor pillows of lace, Can relieve the guilt in that grim old face.

Soft! stand back!-it is his last; Soft! stand back:—It is fils last;
Get hence, your priestly craft is o'er;
For him the pomp of the world is past—
The king that was is king no more;
Let the belis be rung, and toe mass be said;
Let the king's heir know that the king is dead,
JAMES B. KENYON.

AN ENGLISH GHOST STORY.

A SPECTRE IN A DOG-CART. The breed of ghosts appears to be not quite extinet in England yet. Seldom, however, has one of those shadowy visitants the hardihood to expose itself to such unobstructed and point-blank invest gation as did the phantom which introduced itself the other day in England to Mr. C-G-, the son of the well-known Admiral C- G-. One day at the beginning of this month Mr. C--- G--was going to call on the Duke of R-at B-Castle, and he probably did not trouble his head much about things bereafter, when he found bimself at a small country station, some miles from his destination, with no vehicle to get him over the muddy country lanes in between. After worrying round a bit, however, he succeeded in biring a trap-a common-place dog-cart enough, with nothing ghostly about it-and a horse that looked as if, with good management, it might bang together in this life for a few weeks yet. Having turned out a horse and trap, however, the resources of the place were at an end. Not a man was to be found who could accompany him to look after the beast; so, having done grumbling, Mr. C-- G-- took the reins himself and started for B --- Castle. Nor was there anything to suggest ghosts in the drive there; and the Duke of R- was as real and fleshly as a well-conducted duke ought to be. So far, then, the odds seemed all against a ghost finding room to come into the day's events. When Mr. C-G-, however, had got half-way back to the station he passed ever, had got half-way back to the station he passed a pond by the roadside which he had not noticed on his way out. Turning round to look back at it, he was astonished to find there was another man on the trap, sitting back to back to himself. The stranger was to all appearances a farm laborer, dressed in cordancy and a red neck-cloth. Mr. C—— G—— at once concluded that his companion had been sent after him by the innkeeper from whom he had hired the trap; but what puzzled him was how and where a stout farm laborer in hobinalled boo's could have climbed up without his feeling it. The shortest way to settle this was to ask him; but, unfortunately, the intruder paid no afternion to the question, and seened quite unconstruction to the question, and seened quite unconask him; but, unfortunately, the intruder paid no attention to the question, and seemed quite unconscious of anything unusual when Mr. C.— G.— shouted commonplaces on the weather at the top of his voice. Nothing remained, therefore, but to whip up the dilapidated house and wile away the rest of the journey with cursing the unkeeper who could find no better man to send him than a deaf and damp farm laborer. On arriving at the inn Mr. C.— G.— hanced the reins back to the stranger and walked into the bouse. Meeting the fandlord his first remark was naturally on the sort of man the other had seen fit to send after him.

"What man I" was the reply; "I sent no man after you."

after you."

"Surely you did," said Mr. C— G—, "a man in corduroy, with a red scarf round his neck."

"Good God, sir," returned the other, that man was drowned an hour ago, and is upstairs now!"

"Nonsense. He is in your trap now; come and see."

See."

However, he was not in the trap; that was empty, So Mr. C.— G.— followed the landlord upstairs, and there on a bed lay his companion of the dog-cart—corduroy, red neck-cloth and all—dead. He had been round drowned half an hour before Mr. C.— G.— passed, in the very pond close by which he had taken his seat in the dog-cart, and had apparently availed himself of the first passing vehicle to get a litt to the place where his body lay!

Our knowledge of the part played by the more highly organized parasites of the helminthoid type has been greatly increased within recent years. It has been greatly increased within recent years. It is now a well-known fact, for instance, that the blood-vessels of a human being capable of going about his daily avocations may contain from 20,000 to 30,000 minute embryo nemisted worms. This is the condition of hundreds of persons in certain tropical and sub-tropical countries, as was ascertained in the first instance by Dr. T. Lewis, of Calcutta. Many persons so affected suffer from chyluris, or elephantiasis in one or other of its forms, but this is far from being the case with all. Curiously enough, too, later researches have shown that these teeming multitudes of nematoids lurk in some unknown recesses of the vascular system during the daytime, and that only as night approached they wander at large through the vessels generally. Thus, as Dr. Manson tells us, a single drop of blood taken from a prick of the linger at midnight in a person so affected may contain as many as two hundred embryo nematoids, while many drops similarly outsined at midday will not reveal a single worm.